

OF
DULNESS and SCANDAL.
Occasion'd by the
C H A R A C T E R
OF
Lord *T I M O N.*
IN
Mr. *POPE's* EPISTLE
TO THE
Earl of *BURLINGTON.*

Turno Tempus adest, magno cum optaverit emptum

Intactum Pallanta ———

——— *Pallas te hoc Vulnere donat.*

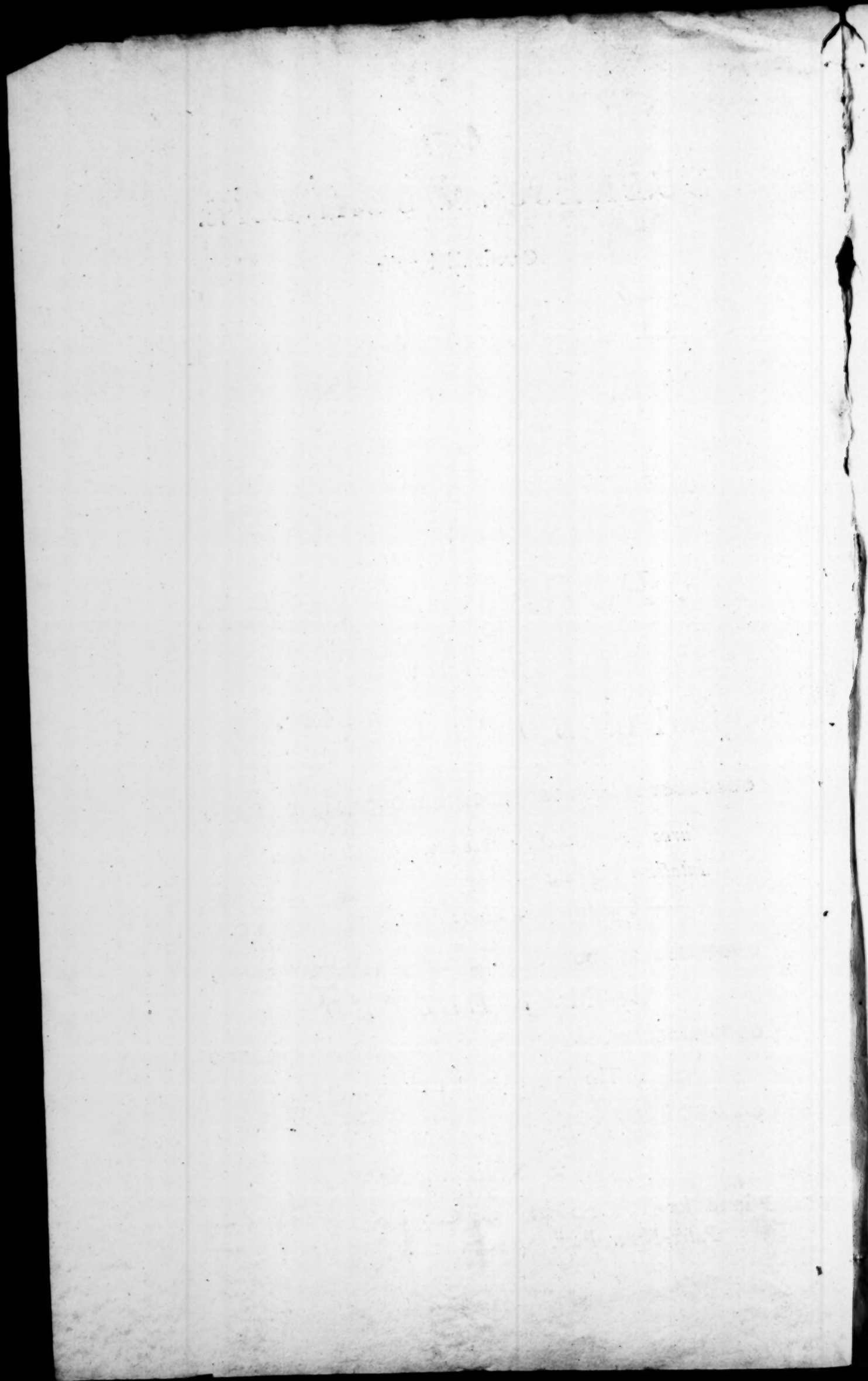
VIRG.

By Mr. *WELSTED.*

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O F

DULNESS and SCANDAL,

Occasion'd by

Mr. *POPE*'s CHARACTER

O F

Lord *TIMON.*



W H I L E Strife subsists 'twixt CIBBER and the Pit;
 While Vice with Virtue wars, and POPE with Wit;
 While Dreams to WALKER pregnant Prudes disclose;
 To CHARTRES Rapes, to light CORINNA Beaux;
 So long shall THAMES, thro' all his Coasts, proclaim
 VICTORIA's Grief, and POLLIO's injur'd Fame.

YE Vales of RICHMOND, fraught with wasting Thyme!
 Ye Beds of Lillies, and ye Groves of Lime!

Say,

Say, where is she, that made those Lillies bright !
The Scribbler's Shame ! who was the Swain's Delight.

BEHOLD the Charmer, wasting to Decay ;
Like Autumn faded in her Virgin May !
To pore o'er curs'd Translation Rest she flies,
And dims, by Midnight Lamps, her beamless Eyes ;
With *Iliads* travestied, to Age she stoops,
In Fustian withers, and o'er Crambo droops.

NO Conquest now, VICTORIA, shalt thou boast ;
The second Victim to ACHILLES' Ghost !
Yet fair, tho' fall'n ! a Star with feebl' Fire ;
The more we pity, while we less admire :
The Spell of Nonsense, guiltless injur'd Dame,
Thy Charms that blasted, shall not blast thy Fame :
Thy Fame, thy Wrong shall go to future Times ;
While POPE damns SHEFFIELD with his Bellman's Rhimes.

NOR Innocence, alone, its Inj'ry rues ;
Nor Beauty feels, alone, th' Assassin's Muse :
His Felon-Arts the Patriot's Seats alarm ;
And *Spite* assails, what *Dulness* cannot harm :

See !

See! POLLIO falls a Victim to the Rage,
 Which * Goodness could not charm, nor Friendship swage;
 Immortal POLLIO! high o'er Malice rais'd;
 Honour'd by Kings, and by the Muses prais'd!
 He! whom the Happy love! th' Unhappy blest!
 Wealth to the Poor, and to the Wrong'd Redress!
 Who in the Orphan's Anguish still has Part;
 And gives to sing with Joy the Widow's Heart!
 Profuse in Good, and like Creation kind:
 The softest Mercy, in the noblest Mind!
 A Mind sublime! where Vice nor Passion reign;
 Nor proud, in State; nor, midst Applauses, vain!
 The thousands Weal, and the rich *Temple's* Plan,
 His Zeal to God proclaim, and Love to Man.

INGLORIOUS Rhimer! low licentious Slave!
 Who blasts the Beauteous, and belies the Brave:
 In scurril Verse who robs, and dull Essays,
 Nymphs of their Charms, and Heroes of their Praise:
 All Laws, for Pique or Caprice, will forego;
 The Friend of CATILINE, and TULLY's Foe!

* See *Pope's* Epistle, p. 12.

OH! born to blacken every virtuous Name;
 To pass, like Blightings, o'er the Blooms of Fame;
 The Venom of thy baneful Quill to shed,
 Alike, on living Merit, and the dead!
 Sure! that fam'd MACHIAVIL! what time he drew
 The Soul's dark Workings in the crooked Few;
 The rancour'd Spirit, and malignant Will;
 By *Instinct* base, by *Nature* shap'd to ill;
 An unborn Demon was inspir'd to see,
 And, in his Rapture, prophesied of Thee.

ORDAIN'D a hated Name by Guilt to raise!
 To bless with Libel, and to curse with Praise!
 A softling Head! that spleeny Whims devour;
 With Will to Satyr, while deny'd the Power!
 A Soul corrupt! that hireling Praise suborns!
 That hates for Genius, and for Virtue scorns!
 A Coxcomb's Talents, with a Pedant's Art!
 A Bigot's Fury, in an Atheist's Heart!
 Lewd without Lust, and without Wit profane!
 Outragious, and afraid! contemn'd, and vain!

IMMUR'D,

IMMUR'D, whilst young, in Convents hadst thou been ;
 VICTORIA, still, with Rapture we had seen :
 But now our Wishes by the Fates are crost ;
 We've gain'd a THERSITE, and an HELEN lost :
 The envious Planet has deceiv'd our Hope ;
 We've lost a ST. LEGER, and gain'd a POPE :

A LITTLE Monk thou wert, by Nature, made !
 Wert fashion'd for the *Jesuit's* Gossip-Trade !
 A lean Church-Pandar, to procure, or lie !
 A Pimp at Altars, or in Courts a Spy !

THE Verse, that Blockheads dawb, shall swift decay ;
 And JERVASE' Fame in Fustian fade away :
 Forgot the self-applauding Strain shall be ;
 Tho' own'd by WALSH, or palm'd on WYCHERLEY :
 While Time, nor Fate, this faithful *Sketch* erase,
 Which shews thy Mind, as REISBANK'S Bust thy Face.

* YET *thou proceed* ; impeach, with stedfast Hate,
 What-e'er is God-like, and what-e'er is Great :

* *Pope's Epistle*, p. 14.

Debase, in low Burlesque, the Song divine ;
 And level DAVID's deathless Muse to thine :
 Be Bawdry, still, thy ribald Canto's Theme :
 Traduce for Satyr, and for Wit blaspheme :
 Each chaste Idea of thy Mind review ;
 Make CUPIDS * squirt, and gaping TRITONS † spew !
 || All STERNHOLD's Spirit in thy Verse restore,
 And be what BASS and HEYWOOD were before.

* *Pope's Epistle*, p. 10. l. 6.

† P. 12. l. 8.

|| P. 14. [*Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,*
And be what-e'er Vitruvius was before.]

F I N I S.

